



# A Good Day Afterall

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Two of the heads of the most famous rescue teams chance to end up at the same bar. Amos, the arrogant Typhlosion, can't stand someone else stealing his limelight and picks a fight with Ranko, the veteran Rhydon. Eventually, their theoretical dick-measuring competition becomes a literal one.

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# Chapter 1

Tonight was going to be a good night, Amos knew as he and his team headed to the bar. Why, one might ask? Because it was payday, and that meant it was party time. And anyone who was anyone knew that Team Soar Higher brought the party.

The Typhlosion threw open the doors in a way that instantly turned heads. The place was exactly what he was hoping to see, especially in a new town. The space inside was nearly full to bursting – a good thing to see. Dozens of Pokémon were dancing to the DJ, every stool at the bar had a rear on it, and the rest of the place was basically standing room only. It was squarely Amos's kind of club.

Amos and his team made their way to the bar and Amos signaled over the bartender – an IndeeDee dressed like he belonged in a place with a couple more zeroes in the cover charge – to place his order. “A beer for me,” he said, “a gin and tonic for the lady,” he pointed to the Tsareena on his left, “and a rum and coke for my man here,” Amos finished, pointing to the Inferape on his right. The bartender gave a nod and went to work. That was about when it started.

Amos felt a poke at his back and turned around, smile already forming on his face. “Hello! What can I do for you?” he said to the nervous looking Talonflame he knew was the one that got his attention.

“Excuse me, but are you Amos, leader of Team Soar Higher?” the other Pokémon asked.

Amos loved being right. “Indeed I be,” the Typhlosion told them with a miniature bow.

The Talonflame's eyes lit up at that. “Holy crap. I can't believe it! Can I get a picture?” The other Pokémon retreated in on themselves a little. “If you don't mind, of course,” they amended.

“Nonsense!” Amos told them, swiping his beer from the bar without

even needing to look. “We’ll start a tab,” he said to the bartender, then back to the Talonflame, “Anything for a fan.”

The other Pokémon handed Amos their phone – him being the one with thumbs – and the Typhlosion knelt down and put his arm around the bird. He snapped the pic and stood to return the phone. “Thank you so much!” they said as turned to go back to their own business elsewhere in the club, but Amos knew that wasn’t the end of it.

“Hey,” the Talonflame said, turning back around before they made it more than two paces away, “is it really true you were the ones to figure out the mystery of why all those Pokémon were disappearing from the Mystifying Forest?”

Just as Amos had hoped. His teammates gave him a look and a nod. It was time to get the show started.

“It is most certainly true,” Amos began, voice rising with every word, “the funny part is, it almost wasn’t. We nearly missed it.”

A couple nearby heads were already turning at that point from the sound of his voice. “For years Pokémon wrote off the ones going missing in the Mystifying Forest as kids accidentally stumbling into the Luminous Spring and losing sense of who they were because they evolved too early. But my team and I, we didn’t buy that.”

The Talonflame was engrossed after the first word, as were a few others close to him.

“The first trial we had to overcome,” Amos continued. He could tell this story even stumbling drunk, and he wasn’t even close to that yet, “was to get this old Torkoal to tell us all the secret areas of the forest. To do so, he wanted us to gather...”

By that point, Amos was using his arms to dramatically describe the events he told. His team jumped in at specific moments like they had it rehearsed. The Talonflame was watching wide-eyed, hanging on every word. A few more had tuned in as well and he had a small group forming around him, he could also tell a few others close by were listening but not looking by their reactions as he got to the juicy

bits. All the same to him.

“The old Torkoal told us of a shrine deep in the woods no one visited anymore. He-”

The Typhlosion was cut off as the club’s door opened. In a blink, the Pokémon who had been listening to the story, turned away. Every Pokémon in the bar had. The DJ had gone silent, the dancing had stopped. Amos followed their gazes.

It landed on a Rhydon, the door swinging shut behind him, a Bibarel and Crawdaunt at his flanks. Already, Pokémon were starting to crowd over to them, much to Amos’s confusion.

The Typhlosion elbowed the Talonflame that was still next to him for the moment, getting their attention. “Hey, who the fuck are they?” he half demanded.

The Talonflame looked immensely taken aback. “You don’t know them? They’re the founding members of Team Unwavering Steel!” they shouted excitedly.

“Okay, and?” Amos pried. He knew next to nothing about the rescue teams in this region – or any for that matter that weren’t his – and he was very quickly getting annoyed by the fact that the whole bar seemed to be clamoring to get to them and not him.

At that point the Talonflame just looked completely stunned. “Their leader is Ranko the Immovable,” they explained, pointing a wing at the Rhydon. “He has one of the greatest records in all of the Guilds’ history! He stopped a ten ton boulder from rolling down a mountain and crushing a school! He’s so strong it’s said he even cracked a Tyranitar’s armor! He-”

“Alright you can shut the fuck up right there,” Amos cut in. He watched the Rhydon humbly turn away requests for autographs and selfies – selfies Amos would have gladly taken with them. “Walk into my scene, will ya?” he said to himself. His team was giving him looks and gestures that said to not do what he was about to do, but he ignored them.

“Hey fatso!” Amos shouted, bringing the room to silence once more. “You that old that you need everyone else in the place coming to help you to the bar?”

There was a collective gasp out of almost every Pokémon.

“Watch your mouth, kid,” someone in the back that wasn’t the Rhydon responded. Amos wished he could see who so he could remember to deck them later for not minding their own damn business. But it didn’t end there.

“Yeah,” another voice added, “You’re talking to Ranko. He has a Rescue career longer than any ten of you rookies!”

*Dang*, Amos thought, *this guy really has them bought up*.

Before anyone could say anything else, the Rhydon stepped forward, commanding movement and silence without even a gesture. He approached Amos until he was within striking distance of the Typhlosion. A bold move, and one the rest of the bar seemed to recognize as well as a small circle formed around them. Amos’s team spread around the two of them, half to get out of the way and half to back him up if things went south. The Rhydon’s own team moved in as well, watching everyone involved.

The Rhydon himself looked to size Amos up, then shook his head. “You a rescuer?” he asked.

“Absolutely I am,” the Typhlosion told him. “Amos of Team Soar Higher.”

“Well, ‘Amos of Team Soar Higher,’ as part of a Guild you should know the rule of respecting your seniors. Even children who just formed their team are expected to know something so basic.” Others in the bar either laughed or echoed the Rhydon’s chiding.

“I show respect, if the rescuer is worthy of it,” Amos said, cutting through the noise slightly less than successfully. He raised his voice. “But all I see in front of me is a washed up old fat man, too senile to know what retirement means.” The room gave another collective gasp.

“Hey kid!” another nosey Pokémon sounded. “You should watch who you’re picking a fight with! You talking to a guy who fought off fifty Tauros single-handedly.”

“It’s true!” a Tauros near the edge of their circle enthusiastically chimed in. “I was one of them.”

The Rhydon raised a hand to forestall anything further.

“Man, you really got this crowd in your pocket, huh?” Amos said. “And who can blame them with a story like that, right? You got any from *this* century?”

Another gasp. The Rhydon chuckled at that one. “Wow, you really making these all up on the spot, or do you pull stunts like this often enough that you prepare ahead of time?” Amos opened his mouth, but before a comeback could escape it, the Rhydon’s hand slammed onto the bar close enough for the Typhlosion to feel the wind of it. A loud boom followed, and the Typhlosion didn’t need to look to know that the thick stone was now cracked.

“And since you’re probably too stupid to get it, that was rhetorical,” the Rhydon went on. “I know your type well enough,” he explained. “Egotists who get into this job looking for easy money or clout, and give all of us out there trying to actually *help* the world a bad name.”

The Rhydon poked Amos in the chest hard enough that it actually made him wince. “You wanna know something? You’re kind never lasts, because the second they come face to face with the real thing and learn how inadequate they really are, they turn tail and run.”

Amos set his jaw. His fists clenched and unclenched at the words. The embers at his neck began to heat up. Any other time he would have decked the Pokémon already. Why was he holding back now?

“Oh? Did I make you mad?” the other Pokémon teased, seeing his reaction. He leaned down and turned his head to the side. “Go ahead, take a hit and prove me right: that all you care about is your precious ego. Go on, so everyone here can know the type of lowlife you really are.”

Amos fumed. He wanted nothing more than to Fire Punch the dickhead across the jaw. He looked at the Talonflame that had asked for his picture, and all the rage burned out of him.

Damn it all, he let himself get backed into a corner. Do nothing, and he looked like a weakling to the whole place. Fight, and he ruined his reputation for good, at least in this part of the continent. Finally, saying nothing, he turned his head and sat back down at the bar.

The Rhydon laughed, and the rest of the bar slung goads and insults his way. He tuned it all out. The well-dressed Indeedee came over and got his attention. "You're paying for this," he said gesturing to the bar top.

"What?" Amos nearly spat. "That *psycho* was the one that broke it!"

"Don't start stupid fights in *my* bar with *my* friends," he told Amos, then walked away.

The Typhlosion continued to silently fume. He grabbed his teammate Infernape's drink from his hand and downed it in one go. He wasn't about to just leave and look even more like a weakling, but to stay he would need another drink, *and several more on top of it*, he could tell.

The Typhlosion didn't know how much he ended up drinking, or how long he'd sat there. He had lost count somewhere after seven beers. He was sure of one thing though: none of them helped make him feel less awful.

Man, it just wasn't fair. Today was supposed to be a good day. The week had gone great. His team had taken all the top money-making missions and absolutely slaughtered them. They'd earned their keep, and he deserved to feel like a king after.

Wasn't that how it was supposed to work, Dad? Isn't that what you always said? How was he supposed to know apparently the greatest rescuer in the fucking world would show up to the exact same bar as him? Receipts to back him up and all... At least he seemed to disappear.

It wasn't fair. No one else had come up to talk to him the whole rest of the night. His teammates had left hours ago, leaving him with the tab as an I-told-you-so. He couldn't think of a worse night in his adult life, and it was time to accept that dwelling on it there wasn't going to make it any better at any point.

Being stubborn wasn't going to save face, he came to terms with. It was time to pick himself up, get a hooker, and take them back to the hotel with him. But first: he needed to piss like a Rapidash.

He threw his bag of coin on the bar – he didn't care if it was enough to cover the tab, the Indeedee could bill the Guild, this was going to get back to them either way, Amos knew – and went toward the bathroom in the back.

At least it was clean this late at night, so he had that going for him, which was... Oh, look who it was.

"Well, if it ain't my new best pal!" Amos slurred when he saw the other man standing at the urinal. "What was your name again?"

"It's Ranko," the Rhydon told him, "and I'm not your 'pal,' kid."

"What?" the Typhlosion complained, "I dropped the issue when you threatened me bodily harm, didn't I? It's not my fault you can't a little criticism."

Ranko spared him a single glance. "You have a very bad definition of criticism," he said.

Amos walked up to the urinal right next to Ranko and began his business. The Rhydon tried to hide that he moved away slightly, but Amos caught it, along with a pretty decent view of *something else*. And it gave him an idea to mess with him a little, if not get even.

"I'll admit," he started, "if even half of those stories the Pokémon out there were talking about were true, you've lived a hell of a life. But level with me, are you really gonna stand there and tell me that every bit of those heroics were because it was 'the right thing to do?' Or are you man enough to admit that at least part of you knows that it's really because you're compensating for something?"

Ranko turned to face Amos, who smiled. Worked like a charm. "Excuse me?" said the Rhydon.

Amos rolled his eyes and shrugged. "Come on, it's nothing to be ashamed of. We can't win at every aspect in life."

The Rhydon chuckled at that. Seemed he finally caught Amos's meaning. "You are a good foot shorter than me," he stated, "You really think you're bigger than me?"

Amos was getting excited at that point. He loved pulling shit like this, especially drunk. He could also tell that Ranko must be at least a little buzzed himself, otherwise he probably wouldn't even have been entertaining the Typhlosion this much. Which just gave Amos more courage to push the issue.

"Alright," he said, squaring up to the Rhydon for the second time that night and holding his dick, "cards on the table then. Best way to know for sure, right?" he said.

"What the hell are you doing?" Ranko questioned, taking an involuntary step back.

"What do you mean 'what am I doing?' Nut up or shut up big guy, unless you know I'm right."

The Rhydon hesitated, but something in Amos's gut knew he'd do it.

"Can't believe this is how my night is going," he mumbled, and then, "Fine, if it'll get you away from me faster." Ranko grimaced, but pulled his dick up. Amos got as close as he dared to the other Pokémon, not doubting he would still deck him at that point if he made the wrong move.

The Typhlosion, more than a little turned on by all this, was already half-hard as they measured up, and it put Amos ahead just enough to make the winner undeniable in that moment. However, Amos noticed, the Rhydon was *thick*, thicker than any dick Amos had seen in a long time, and that sight plus the alcohol still coursing through him, gave him yet another stupid idea.

"What can I say?" Amos started, "I'm gifted in more ways than one."

“Running your mouth doesn’t count as a gift,” Ranko told him, turning away, thinking the matter over, but it wasn’t that easy.

“Oh, come on,” Amos teased, “don’t start being a sore loser now! It doesn’t suit your personality big guy. But you know what does? That fat cock of yours.”

That got him to around again. “Are you seriously still talking about this?”

“Hey, when I see a nice dick, I say so.” Amos crossed his arms over his chest. “I figured you’d be flattered.”

The Rhydon let out a growl and got right in Amos’s face. “Listen prick, just because you happened to get one up on me does not mean you’ve won, and it does *not* suddenly give you the right to insult me and joke like I won’t still ring your neck for it.”

Amos put a hand on Ranko’s chest. “You think I’m joking?” The Typhlosion made a tsk sound and shook his head. “There’s one thing you still need to know about me then: I may be a showoff, but I do *not* make shit up.”

With the last word Amos, catching Ranko off balance, pushed him into a stall. The Rhydon fell over and hit the floor next to the toilet, stunned enough to allow Amos to step up to him again.

“What the fuck are you doing?” Ranko demanded, trying to find purchase on the tile floor to get back up but to no avail.

“Proving my point,” Amos told him, getting down on his knees and taking the Rhydon’s cock in his hand. He tugged the foreskin down and ran his tongue across the bottom of his head. “See?”

“You’re a fucking psychopath,” Ranko told him.

“And I don’t see you trying all that hard to stop me,” Amos countered dotting his sentence by licking a bit of pre already beading at his tip. “Someone must be pretty pent up. Don’t get a lot of action, do we? Don’t worry, we’ll just say it’s because of all that time you spend saving school kids or whatever. And I’m more than happy to help tilt the scale back the other way.”

Amos tightened his grip on Ranko's shaft and started massaging his balls with his other hand. The Rhydon gave no further word of protest, so the Typhlosion took it as a signal to continue, wrapping his lips around that head, and reaffirming that he was. In fact, thick as fuck – like, bottoming-out-was-gonna-hurt-his-jaw thick. Amos was looking forward to trying as he licked the tip more.

Ranko was breathing heavier as Amos placed a hand on each of the other Pokémon's thighs to brace himself and started to bob his head, sinking lower each time to loosen up his throat.

Admittedly, it had been awhile since he'd done this as well and was out of practice. But it didn't take long for the muscle memory to return and he sank down on that cock to the base. He held himself there as long as he could, sucking as hard as he could manage with his jaw locked open, and savoring the feeling of him stretching out his esophagus. The Typhlosion counted the twitches Ranko made inside him until he could hold his breath no longer, pulling off with a loud pop.

"Holy fuck," the Rhydon breathed.

"Best head you've ever had I'd bet," Amos panted.

"Please stop talking," the other Pokémon told him, "your voice makes it very hard to enjoy this."

"You admit you're enjoying it though."

He refused to meet the Typhlosion's gaze. "I didn't say that."

Amos grinned. "Alright, then I'll stop. Or..." He got back to his feet and stepped over to the wall, presenting his ass to the other Pokémon.

Ranko continued to sit there on the floor. "You're serious?" he said.

"I told you I don't joke about this stuff," Amos reinforced, spreading his cheeks with a hand.

"You just don't seem the type," Ranko went on.

"Are you gonna get up or keep talking? Offer's expiring real quick." He shook his tush at the Rhydon.

The other Pokémon did get up, although he wasn't quick about it. *Let him look uneager*, Amos thought, *I still won in the end*. His dick throbbed at the thought.

The Rhydon placed a hand on the Typhlosion and he felt him line up. "Come on fatso," Amos chided, wanting to rile him up one more time to see what he'd do, "Just try to wreck me with that chode."

It worked as intended. The Rhydon gave no pretense of easing into things. He forced his way inside Amos, stretching him to the extreme. He didn't even think any of the knots he'd taken in his life had stretched him out so much. The Typhlosion moaned as Ranko's weight forced him into the wall. He almost whined when he pulled out to the tip, and came instantly as he slammed back in to the base again.

After that, Amos felt like he was melting as the Rhydon built up his rhythm. He knew he was ruined now. He'd never be able to go back to dicks that weren't as thick as this. And of course it was this bastard that did it to him.

It was his fault, he knew, but could he have left after seeing that thing *without* taking it for a spin? Absolutely not.

He must have been more of a mess than he thought, because he felt Ranko whisper in his ear, "I take it back, you must love this more than life itself. I've just started and you're barely on your feet."

"Don't... get... mmph... full of yourself," Amos said. He shoved off the wall with what strength and control over his body he had left, knocking both of them back to the floor and Ranko – regrettably – out of Amos. The Typhlosion got back to his feet before the Rhydon could recover, and straddled him while trying to hide the fact that his legs were shaking.

"Just because you got one hell of a cock," Amos went on, pushing him – blessedly – back inside him, "doesn't – ah – mean you're not the one along for the ride here."

The Typhlosion rocked his hips on Ranko's lap just to savor the feeling of all that fat dick inside of him, then lifted up and slammed into him harder than the Rhydon had on the wall. Then they were both moaning. Amos regained more control over his legs and was able to pick up the pace. He was barely paying attention to the outside world at that point, so he was surprised to feel Ranko's hands grip his sides to add his strength to the thrusts.

Amos was close again, and he knew the Rhydon had to be too. Then it was a game for him again: hold on until the big fucker filled him up.

He had to stop himself from thinking about that or he'd lose in no time. He didn't have to wait long though as Ranko's grip tightened with each thrust, his thrusts growing more erratic by the second as well. Finally his hips came up to meet Amos and he felt those balls pour into him.

There had to be as much as a Mudsdales. Amos had only seen that once, but he felt it filling him up so completely and, as he hoped, it pushed him over the edge as well, covering the Rhydon's chest and face in white.

Ranko stayed tense for a good minute, twitching inside of the Typhlosion the whole time. Amos didn't want it to stop. But eventually the other Pokémon relaxed and they both hit the floor again.

Amos was undeniably a lightheaded mess now. He didn't even try to hide it. He was collapsed on top of Ranko just trying – and failing – to stop the Rhydon's dick from sliding out of him. Shakily after a moment, he rose to pull himself to his feet and opened his mouth, and the Rhydon kissed him before he could get past the first syllable of whatever rude comment Amos was undoubtedly about to make to him.

"Not as much of an asshole as you thought, huh?" Amos said as he broke off.

"You're still an asshole," Ranko told him, pushing him off, but not too hard, "Just a very confusing one."

"Thanks, I try," Amos said, still smiling on the floor.

Ranko started to pick himself up. "This stays between us," he said. It wasn't a suggestion.

"I'll think about it," Amos said anyway.

"I mean it," the Rhydon enforced, shoving a finger at Amos who had just started to sit up again. "The last thing I need is to be associated with a laughingstock like you."

Amos put up his hands. "Alright, you can keep your pride."  
*Hypocrite*, he kept to himself.

Ranko nodded. "Good."

"If... this isn't the only time this happens," the Typhlosion tacked on to the end.

Ranko laughed. "I'll think about it," he said, and walked out of the bathroom.

Amos grinned. He knew that was a yes.